I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling pirates that fall out,
I ſhaking out that which you haue pild from me :
Which of you tremble not that looke on me ?
If not, that I being *Queene*, you bow like ſubiects.
Yet that by you diſpoſd, you quake like rebels :
O gentle villaine, doe not turne away.
Glo. Foule wrinkled witch, what mak'ſt thou in my ſight?
Qu. Mar. But repiticion of what thou haſt mard,
That will I make, before I let thee goe :
A husband and a ſonne thou oweſt vnto me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you alleagence :
The ſorrow that I haue by right is yours,
And all the pleaſures you vſurpe, is mine.
Glo. The curſe my noble father layd one thee,
When thou didſt Crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy ſcorne drew riuers from his eyes,
And then to drie them, gau'ſt the Duke a clout
Steept in the blood of pritty *Rutland* :
His curſes then from biterneſſe of ſoule,
Denounc'd againſt thee, are fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.
Qu. So iuſt is God to rite the innocent.
Haſt. O twas the fouleſt deed to ſlay that Babe,
And the moſt mercileſſe that euer was heard of.
Ri. Tyrants themſelues wept when it was reported,
Dorſ. No man but propheſied reuenge for it.
Buc. *Northumberland* then preſent, wept to ſee it.
Q. Mar. What? were you ſnarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred now on me ?
Did *Yorkes* dread curſe preuaile ſo much with heauen,
That *Henries* death my louely *Edwards* death,
Their Kingdomes loſt my woefull baniſhment,
Could all but anſwere for that peeuiſh brat ?
Can curſes pearce the Clouds, and enter heauen ;
Why then giue way dull Clouds to my quicke curſes :
If not by warre, by ſurfet die your King.
As ours by murder to make him a King.

Edward my ſonne, which now is Prince of *Wa*
For *Edward* my ſonne, which was the Prince o
Died in his youth by like untimely violence,
Thy ſelfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene
Out-liue thy glory, like my wretched ſelfe :
Long mayſt thou liue to waile thy childrens l
And ſee another, as I ſee thee now.
Deckt in thy glory, as thou art ſtald in mine:
Long dye thy happy dayes before thy death,
And after many lengthned houres of griefe,
Dye neyther mother, wife, nor *Englands* Que
Riuers and *Dorſet*, you were ſtanders by,
And ſo waſt thou Lord *Haſtings*, when my ſo
Was ſtabd with bloody daggers, God I pray
That none of you, may liue your naturall age
But by ſome vnlookt accident cut off.
Glo. Haue done thy charme thou hatefull w
Q.Mar. And leaue out thee? ſtay dog for tho
If heauen haue any grieuous plague in ſtore,
Exceeding thoſe that I can wiſh vpon thee:
O let them keepe it till thy ſinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee the troubler of the poore worlds peac
The worme of conſcience ſtill begnaw thy ſou
Thy friends ſuſpect for traytors whilſt thou liu
And take deepe traytors for thy deareſt friend
No ſleepe cloſe vp the deadly eyes of thine,
Vnleſſe it be whilſt ſome tormenting dreame
Affrights thee with a hell of vgly diuels,
Thou eluiſh markt, abortiue rooting hog,
Thou that waſt ſeald in thy natiuity
The ſlaue of nature, and the ſonne of hell,
Thou ſlander of thy mothers heauy wombe,
Thou loathed iſſue of thy fathers loynes,
Thou rag of honour, thou deteſted, &c.
Glo. Margret.
Q.*Mar. Richard.* *Glo.* Ha?
Q. *Mar.* I call thee not.
Glo. Then cry thee mercy : for I had though